

# BRADFORD OPINION.

VOLUME 9.

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NUMBER 21

## THE OPINION

Published every Saturday.  
BY BEN: P. STANTON.

### PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

ORDINARY ADVERTISEMENTS taken at the rate of \$1.00 per square one insertion, and 35 cents each subsequent insertion. One inch space is a square.  
SPECIAL CONTRACTS made with yearly advertisers on application.  
DEATH AND MARRIAGE NOTICES inserted free.  
ORDINARY NOTICES including poetry 5 cents per line.  
EDITORIAL NOTICES in reading columns 10 cents per line.

Advertisers who have contracted for a year's space must pay in advance in order to have their advertisements inserted without interruption before the expiration of the time.

All orders for advertising from strange Advertisers must be accompanied with cash in order to receive attention.  
Advertisements, or changes for advertisements, must be handed in as early as Wednesday.

All arrears must be paid by subscribers desiring to discontinue this paper. In case they are not paid the discontinuance will be without notice to the publisher. The financial responsibility of the party daily considered.  
LEGAL NOTICES inserted at stated rates.  
All bills due the OPINION office for advertising must be paid quarterly, on the first day of January, April, July and October.

Transient advertising must be inserted in advance.  
All Job Work must be paid for on delivery. Address all communications to:  
BEN: P. STANTON,  
Publisher Opinion, Bradford, Vermont.

## BUSINESS CARDS.

### BRADFORD.

MISS CHARLOTTE NELSON,  
TEACHER OF PAINTING AND DRAWING. Room in Academy Building.

L. D. LIVINGSTON,  
MERCHANT TAILOR. ALL WORK warranted to give satisfaction. Cutting done for others to make.

J. H. GILMAN,  
AUCTIONEER. WILL ATTEND TO ALL orders promptly. Will attend auction and get them printed if desired.

H. STRICKLAND,  
IRON FOUNDER & MACHINIST, AND Manufacturer of Agricultural Implements.

H. E. HARRIS,  
BROTHER HOUSE, BRADFORD, VT. Coach to and from all passenger trains, day and night.

BATON & CO.,  
HARDWARE, IRON, STEEL, COAL, Nails, Cutlery, Seeds, Glass, Belting, Cords, &c. Wholesale and Retail. Main St.

PRICHARD & HAY,  
FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC DRY GOODS. Gent's Furnishing Goods, Hats and Caps, Hosiery, Trunks, Suits, Fish, Pork, Lard and Country Produce. Main Street.

ORIN GAMBELL, JR.,  
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW. Master and Solicitor in Chancery.

BRADFORD BRASS BAND.  
E. WHITCOMB, LEADER; L. R. McDuffee, Clerk. Music furnished at reasonable rates.

E. H. ALLEN,  
PHOTOGRAPHIC ARTIST, AND DEALER in Stereoscopes and Views, Albums, and Picture Frames. Frames for Weddings and Parties. Fitted to Order. No. 15 and 16 early in Building.

G. L. BUTLER,  
BARBER, CHAMBER AND KITCHEN Furniture, Coffins, Caskets, Robes, Caps, Hats, Musical Instruments, &c. 1st door south of Trotter House, Main St.

C. H. HARDING,  
WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY. Spectacles, Stationery, and Yankee Novelties. Watches and Jewelry repaired and warranted. Post Office Building.

ROSWELL FAIRBANK,  
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW. Master and Solicitor in Chancery and Union and Claim Agent.

J. B. ORMSBY,  
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. ROOMS formerly occupied by J. N. Clark, D.D. Special attention paid to Female diseases and diseases of the lungs.

C. E. PETERS,  
EVERY STABLE. GOOD TEAMS FUR- nished at reasonable prices. Stable at entrance, Main St.

G. P. CLARK,  
DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, HARDWARE. Flour, Salt, Paper Hangers, Hats, Caps, and Country Produce. Main Street.

DR. J. N. CLARK,  
DENTISTRY. ALL THE MODERN IM- provements. Best teeth fifteen dollars. No pain. Satisfaction guaranteed. In- quiries by mail promptly answered. Hardy's building.

MRS. J. N. CLARK,  
BOOK STORE. FIRST DOOR NORTH of Post Office. School Books, Blank Books, Stationery, Books, Stationery, Toys, Confectionery &c.

J. A. WARREN,  
ADIES' MISSES' AND CHILDREN'S Boots, Shoes, Slippers, and Rubbers. The Trick Kip and Cat Boots. Best quality. Low prices. Book Store, Main St.

J. H. JONES, M. D.,  
OMCEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND Surgeon. Office at Residence, 1st Door south of Bank.

B. T. PILLSBURY,  
TOYS, TIN WARE, IRON WARE, &c. Wooden Ware, &c. Main St.

G. H. CURTIS,  
ICE CREAM SALOON. Fruit, Confectionery, Soda, Light Groceries &c.

C. C. DOTY, AGT.,  
MANUFACTURER OF DR. DOTY'S Celebrated Mandrake Bitters, Flavoring Extracts and Essences, &c., at Wholesale and Retail.

E. S. PEASLEE,  
EVERY STABLE. GOOD TEAMS FUR- nished at reasonable prices. Stable at entrance, Main St.

A. A. BOWEN,  
FLOUR, GRAIN, MEAL, PROVISIONS. Made to order and sold at the lowest market prices. Mills at the South end of Bradford Village.

J. M. WARDEN,  
FINE WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY. Silver Ware, Spectacles, Cutlery, Revolvers, Fancy Goods and Toys. Particular attention given to repairing Fine Watches. Office W. U. Telephone Co.

W. H. CARTER, M. D.,  
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. BRAD- ford, Vt. Office at his residence. Various Medicinal Compounds, of long tried efficacy, and of modern improvement; prepared by himself, kept constantly on hand for the benefit of the sick and lame.

## It Is Darkest Before Day.

Just before the daylight cometh,  
And before the early dawn,  
The darkness of the midnight deepens,  
Heralding the morn,  
And making day's approaching splendor,  
And her chariot of light,  
Take an added ray of glory  
By contrasting shades of night.

So the adage has descended  
In a terse and common way,  
Be not saddened nor discouraged,  
"It is darkest before day."  
Steady up the faltering footsteps,  
Passing through the shades of night,  
For beyond the depths of darkness  
Are the rays of morning light.

Think, whenever trials meet you,  
Other men have borne the same;  
And whatever hardships greet you,  
Give them not too hard a name;  
Take life's sorrows as they come,  
Looking for a brighter way,  
For though clouds like night-time deepen,  
"It is darkest before day."

## "One Touch of Nature."

My sketch was finished, and I turned to go,  
Yet lingered for a minute to compare  
The painted cottage in my folio  
With that which stood within the land,  
scape there.

How feeble was my picture, despite all my care!

The cottage's wife was standing at her door  
And saw her husband coming down the lane,  
And, carrying up her baby from the floor,  
She hurried out to meet him once again  
Lavish of treasured smiles that were not  
in vain.

Their meeting all his weariness relieved;  
His drudgery to merriment gave place;  
Exchanging burdens, she his tools received,  
And he, the baby nestling to his face,  
So went they back contented to their dwell-  
ing place.

Weak was my sketch, and weak the match  
less line

Which nature shed around on land and  
sea,

Beside the beauty of affection true  
That simple meeting there revealed to me  
Nothing on earth with human love compared  
can be!

SLEEPLESS people—and there are  
many in America—should court the  
sun. The very worst soporific is  
laudation, and the very best is sun-  
shine. Therefore it is very plain  
that poor sleepers should pass as  
many hours of the day in sunshine,  
and as few as possible in the shade.

Many women are martyrs, and yet  
do not know it. They shut the sun-  
shine out of their houses and hearts,  
they wear veils, they carry parasols,  
they do all that is possible to keep  
off the subtlest, and yet most po-  
tent, influence which is intended to  
give them strength, beauty and  
cheerfulness. Is it not time to  
change all this, and so get roses and  
color in our pale cheeks, strength  
in our weak backs, and courage in  
our timid souls. The women of  
America are pale and delicate; they  
may be blooming and strong, and  
the sunlight will be a potent in-  
fluence in this transformation. Will  
they not try it a year or two, and  
oblige thousands of admirers?

## MASONIC MEETINGS.

CHARITY LODGE, NO. 43. REGULAR  
Communications on Wednesday of the  
week in which the moon falls. Mr. LEANOR  
R. A. CHAPTER. Meetings on Tuesday  
evening of the week in which the moon falls.  
BRADFORD COUNCIL, No. 11. Meetings at  
Masonic Hall on Wednesday afternoon of the  
week in which the moon falls, in the months  
of September, December, March and June.

## EAST CORINTH.

J. K. DARLING,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW, EAST CORINTH,  
Vermont.

L. P. POSTER,  
HOTEL, FLOUR AND GRAIN MILL,  
Best of Flour and Grain constantly on  
hand.

S. THOMPSON,  
TIN SHOP. SEWERS, TIN WARE, IRON  
Ware, Wooden Ware, &c. All kinds of  
Job work neatly done.

CORLISS & ROGERS,  
DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, READY  
Made Clothing, Boots & Shoes, &c.  
Largest stock in Eastern part of Orange  
County.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

R. M. HARVEY,  
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW  
West Topsham, Vt.

WM. T. GEORGE,  
AUCTIONEER AND APPRAISER, TOPS-  
ham, Vt. Orders promptly attended to.

H. L. BIXBY,  
NEW PHOTOGRAPHIC ROOMS, CHEL-  
sea, Vt. Open Mondays, Thursdays and  
Saturdays.

EDGAR W. SMITH,  
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW,  
Wells River, Vt. Office with Judge Un-  
derwood.

E. L. BOOTHBY,  
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, FAIRLEE,  
Vt. Refers by permission to Dr. Carter  
and Dr. Froot, Hanover, N. H.

J. F. JOHNSON,  
STAR HALL, ELY, VT. LARGE AND  
well fitted up for accommodation of Dances  
and all kinds of entertainments. Let at rea-  
sonable rates.

C. H. SIBLEY,  
CARRIAGE TRIMMER, AND MANU-  
facturer of all kinds of Harnesses. Repair-  
ing done in the best manner. Main St., op-  
posite Hotel, West Police.

## John's Choice.

Peter Jansen was a wealthy and  
eccentric New England farmer, own-  
er in fee simple of many broad and  
fertile acres of valuable land, and the  
proud parent of a promising son,  
now near grown, who in his infan-  
cy had been designated by the not  
altogether unheard-of name of John.

Now, John Jansen had been bro't  
up in a very careful and proper  
manner, and it was not therefore to  
be wondered at that as he grew  
more mature, he was regarded as a  
very exemplary young man by  
those who knew him intimately.  
He was sober and industrious in his  
habits, cultivated and refined in his  
tastes, with a disposition to get  
along and prosper in the world, as  
his father had done before him.

But the time came when he was  
one-and-twenty. This is a remark-  
able episode in the lives of most  
young men, when fully freed from  
parental restraint by the construc-  
tion of the law, they think they  
know so much, and subsequently  
learn that they know so little.

Now, possibly Peter, the *pere*,  
regarded this event in his son's life  
with as much concern as did John  
the junior, for certain it is that  
shortly thereafter he called him in-  
to his presence for a little private  
conversation.

"Well, John," he said, "how does  
it seem to be one-and-twenty?"

"Seem? Why I can't see as I  
seem any different from any other  
time."

"Can't, eh? Oh, well, you'll see  
quick enough, I guess. I suppose  
the next thing you'll be thinking of  
will be getting married."

"Oh, I hadn't thought of such at  
thing yet in earnest."

"Hah'n't eh? Well, you'd bet-  
ter be thinking; getting married is  
about as important a thing as will  
ever happen to you."

"Yes, I suppose so."

"Suppose so? Suppose so; you'll  
know so by-and-by. Well, John,  
you are old enough to begin to  
think seriously about this matter.

I ain't going to have you running  
around unsettled and unsteady in  
your habits and character. Now,  
the quicker you pick yourself out a  
wife and settle down the better.

Mind you, my boy, this wasting  
three or four of the best years of  
your life in sowing your wild oats  
is a very foolish principle for young  
men to adhere to. Now, I don't  
propose to have you do anything of  
the kind, and if you avoid it you  
won't have a harvest of briars and  
thistles to gather afterwards. Now,  
just as soon as you pick yourself  
out a prudent and industrious little  
wife, I've a good farm to give you,  
and enough to set you up in reason-  
able style, you understand."

"Yes, sir."

"But not an acre nor penny of it  
shall you possess until you have  
complied with my wishes."

"But, father—"

"I mean exactly what I say, and  
no more; make this matter your  
first business, and when you have  
performed your part of the contract  
I will attend to mine."

"But this is rather sudden."

"That makes no difference; if you  
are not satisfied with my terms, the  
world is wide enough for both of  
us; you are big enough and bright  
enough to earn your own living; if  
you can do better by yourself than  
I can by you, why, start right out  
in the world, for you are of age.  
I have stated my terms and do not  
propose to alter them."

"But, which one shall I marry?"

"There's Israel Ives' five daugh-  
ters; and I'm certain you can have  
your pick out of the lot. They've  
all been well brought up, and any  
one of them is good enough for you,  
so go ahead and as soon as you re-  
port favorably, the farm is yours."

"But which one shall I take, fa-  
ther?"

"Which one shall you take?" re-  
peated Peter Jansen; "it must be  
a bright man surely, that cannot de-  
cide at sight what woman to pick  
out of a dozen, and a singular youth  
you are not to have your eye on one  
already. However, make your  
own choice, and you'll be happier,  
live longer and prosper better in  
your domestic affairs generally."

With these concluding remarks  
the fond parent turned away, and

John was left alone with his reflec-  
tions.

Now, John was not a verdant  
young man; he had seen considera-  
ble of the world for a person of his  
age but he was very bashful and  
diffident. It was this quality of his  
disposition that made him so averse  
to ladies' society, and had occasion-  
ed no little anxiety to old Peter,  
who had already begun to fear that  
John would be a confirmed bach-  
elor, hence his desire to kindly as-  
sist John's matrimonial matters  
along.

A night or two subsequent to this  
conversation with his father, it was  
noticed that he attired himself with  
unusual care before going out, as  
he insisted, to attend the debating  
society. His father and mother re-  
garded each other significantly as if  
they well understood what was up-  
permost in John's mind, but they  
gave that young man no intimation  
that they suspected his intentions.

After a lingering look in the look-  
ing-glass, John started forth into the  
darkness taking the shortest road  
possible to the residence of Israel  
Ives.

He soon came to the place he in-  
tended visiting. A bright light  
gleamed through the front windows  
with welcoming beams, and he fan-  
cied he could see smiling faces  
there; yet his heart thumped so  
very singularly under his shining  
satins vest that it was several min-  
utes before he could make up his  
mind to knock at the door; and he  
walked up and down the road past  
the place several times to calm him-  
self, and to think over the words  
he proposed saying when in the  
presence of Miss Ives.

At last he turned in at the gate,  
and walking boldly up to the front  
door, and made his presence known  
to the Ives family by means of the  
friendly assistance of the heavy  
brass knocker.

Israel Ives came to the door with  
a flaring candle in his hand; he  
gave a sudden little start of surprise  
upon recognizing his visitor.

"Why, John," said he "is this  
you?"

"Is Miss Ives at home?" said  
John nervously, forgetting in his  
sudden embarrassment the particu-  
lar Miss Ives he wished to see.

"Certainly, certainly," replied Is-  
rael, smiling mischievously, "walk  
right into the parlor and sit down  
and she will be in presently."

Leaving his hat upon the rack in  
the hall, John did as he was bid,  
he sat down on the outer edge of a  
chair and awaited the young lady's  
coming.

He heard several suppressed gig-  
gles in the adjoining room, and a  
subdued suggestion on the part of  
Israel that they had best not be  
foolish. Then the door opened and  
in sailed Miss Sophrony Ives, fol-  
lowed by Patience, Priscilla, Mal-  
vina and Lucy Ives, each simulta-  
neously smiling and trying to look  
as sweet and pretty as possible.

They advanced one by one and  
gave John a greeting, after which  
they arranged themselves in a  
graceful group about him; then be-  
gan the liveliest conversation John  
had ever listened to. He began to  
grow uneasy and lost his self-pos-  
session. This was rather more Miss  
Ives than he had anticipated meet-  
ing.

At last a sudden thought occur-  
red to him.

"Girls," said he, "do any of you  
play blind man's bluff?"

The young ladies all suddenly  
giggled.

"Sometimes," said Miss Sophro-  
ny with a sly glance at her sisters.

"Suppose we have a game then,"  
said John earnestly.

Several handkerchiefs were sim-  
ultaneously produced, and before  
John was aware he was in Midnight  
darkness.

"But you must be blinded too,  
Lucy," cried Miss Malvina; "it al-  
ways makes it livelier to have two  
you know."

So Miss Lucy's sight was tempo-  
rarily obscured in the same manner  
that John's had been.

Then the word "ready" was given  
and without a word of warning,  
Sophrony, Patience, Priscilla, and  
Malvina noisesly sly glided from the  
room.

For awhile John and Lucy groped  
innocently about them, each failing

to find the object they sought. At  
last John spoke: "I say, where are  
you all?" he said helplessly.

No answer came to this question  
from those he was seeking.

"John," said Lucy. "I believe  
they are all hiding."

Just at that moment they ap-  
proached each other with their  
hands extended, and they were  
suddenly clasped in each others'  
arms. This was a sensation so new  
to John that it almost deprived him  
of articulation.

"Oh, is it you, John," said Lucy.  
"I believe they're fooling us."

She suddenly removed the band-  
age from her eyes, and the next mo-  
ment John felt her deft little fingers  
untying the knot in the handker-  
chief bound about his head.

"Look a here, John," she said in  
a half provoked sort of way; "just  
see what a trick they've played on  
us. I might have known what they  
were up to. Never mind, we'll have  
a real pleasant visit now."

They sat down side by side on  
the high-backed sofa, and Lucy  
talked so pleasantly and encourag-  
ingly to John that he soon felt per-  
fectly at home. He was almost as-  
tonished at his self-possession. The  
minutes lengthened into hours and  
—well, he never could fully explain  
how it was afterward, but the fact  
was, that Lucy promised him that  
she would be Mrs. John Jansen  
whenever he was ready to claim  
her as his own, and John went home  
that night very proud and happy;  
and on the following morning he  
informed his astonished father that  
any time that farm was ready, he  
would be ready to go to housekeep-  
ing.

Peter Jansen kept his word, and  
John was subsequently heard to  
say that if it hadn't been for that  
friendly game of blind man's bluff,  
he would hardly have known how  
make a choice.

WRITE LIGHTLY. An Indiana  
editor advises people against using  
a hard pencil, and goes on to tell  
why. His wife desired him to write  
a note to a lady, inviting her to  
meet a party of friends at her  
house. After "Hubby" had done as  
his wife desired, and started to post  
the note she saw on another piece  
of paper an impression of what he  
had written. It was: "Sweet Mat-  
tie, Edie desires your company on  
Wednesday, to meet the Smithers.  
Don't fail to come, my darling, I  
shall then have the happiness  
of a long walk home with you, and  
a sweet good night kiss. I dare not  
see you often, or my all-consuming  
love would betray us both. But,  
Mattie dear, don't fail to come."

We wonder which the wife consid-  
ered hardest—the pencil or the hus-  
band.

A REJECTED LOVER'S DIRE RE-  
VENGE. Taking a seat just behind  
the happy pair in church, he racked  
his brain for means of revenge, and  
looking like seventeen Othellos con-  
centrated in one. Finally a ghastly  
smile crept over his face, he raised  
half up in his seat, and nabbed a  
large black bug that was crawling  
on a pillar hard by, and gently  
dropped him down between his un-  
conscious rival's shirt-collar and  
neck, and then calmly leaned back  
with a virtuous and Christian air  
of satisfaction. The bug soon made  
his presence felt, and that other  
fellow began to twist and scratch  
himself against the back of his seat  
and look uneasy, and cast unhappy  
glances at the minister and affect-  
ing ones at the fair being at his  
side. The bug evidently began to  
grow impatient at his imprisonment,  
and turned himself loose, grappling  
around with a recklessness sugges-  
tive of black spiders or scorpions,  
and that other fellow could stand it  
no longer, but, bolting upright,  
easting one wild, startled look at  
the congregation, cleared the space  
between him and the door at two  
bounds.

"I tell you," said a Wisconsin man  
to a neighbor the next day after  
burying his wife, "when I came to  
get into bed, and lay thar, and not  
hearing Lucinda jarring around for  
an hour and a half, it just made me  
feel as if I'd moved into a strange  
country."

## Our New York Letter.

New York Oct. 10, 1874.

### Editor of Opinion:

The profession of begging has  
overflowing ranks here just at pres-  
ent. Under some form or other it  
crosses your path at every street  
corner, at your houses, counting-  
rooms—even at your church doors  
on Sunday its votaries exhort, bless  
or curse you according as you heed  
or pass them by.

Three distinct elements comprise  
this eleemosynary class: The gen-  
teel professional; the pathetic plead-  
er; and the out and outer. A dis-  
ciple under the first head, I may de-  
scribe as ascending you in your city  
sanctum.

"Mr. Editor, how do you do, sir?  
Busy I see, but then we members of  
the press really have no time we  
can call our own. I've become deep-  
ly interested in the OPINION of late,  
my dear sir, have watched its course  
carefully and been amazed at the  
stupendous strides it has fearlessly  
taken, on the side of radical pro-  
gress and reform."

Of course you gracefully acknowl-  
edge the compliment, but confess  
you haven't the pleasure, to your  
recollection, of the gentleman's ac-  
quaintance.

"Ten thousand pardons my dear  
sir; my card—Smith of the *Nation-  
al Reformer*. Powerful sheet sir,  
wields an influence perfectly as-  
tounding—its principles no more to  
be bought by the opposition, than  
single copies half an hour after  
leaving the press." The conversa-  
tion runs on after this style till the  
stranger reaches for his hat and  
came, and after urgently calling on  
you to stand steadfast in the ranks  
of progress and individual liberty,  
opens the door and bows himself  
out; while you compose yourself  
for a tussle with the Louisiana ques-  
tion. A moment and he is back.  
"By Jove, will you believe it. I  
find my funds have run so low, I  
haven't enough change about me to  
reach home, (a fine place in Harlem,  
sir, oblige me by running down my  
time.) A personal favor, my dear  
fellow, if you'll lend me \$5." This is  
my numerous genteel professional  
beggar.

Enter No. 2. Face expression of  
the most abject misery; gait pain-  
fully halting; arm in sling of an old  
suspender, and a general make up  
of slipshoddy calculated to inspire  
charity in the coldest bosom. "Kind  
gentleman it's only little I'm asking.  
My wife is lying at home in convul-  
sions with five small children at the  
breast, having nothing to eat since  
yesterday and I'm just from the hos-  
pital and not a drop of work since  
this time three months, and it's only  
18 cents for a bit of medicine I'm  
asking and may the blessings of  
the Powers be with you." This  
breathless appeal would, no doubt,  
stir you into the warmest sympathy  
had not this same thirsty gentleman  
in the same breathless manner, the  
night previous, poured into your  
ear how the convulsive wife had  
been in the lone grave for five long  
years, and he a slaving to support  
nine small children, when his "leg  
was broke by a fall." But of course  
you can't expect a man who travels  
all day, to keep a game leg more  
than 24 hours, when an arm can be  
slung up for a change.

Far be it from my intention to  
ridicule the deserving cases appeal-  
ing to us for assistance, but these  
seldom come in this guise. There are  
established openings in every Ward  
for aiding those worthy of charity,  
and it is only those who can not so  
obtain it because not deserving—  
the charlatans of beggars—who im-  
portune us with absurd and improb-  
able tales of woe.

There is something which com-  
mends No. 3 to our favorable notice.  
Like the rest he has his sorrows,  
but his story bears evidence of  
truth on the very face of it. "See  
here, friend, I'm hard up to-night,  
can't you give a feller 5 cents for a  
drink of whiskey?" Now, there's  
something so refreshingly cool about  
this, that you can't help standing  
off and gazing admiringly at the  
man. The convulsive wife; the  
small starving children; the hospi-  
tal; the suspended arm; the game  
leg—all represented whiskey in a  
pathetic disguise. But No. 3 isn't  
the man to talk crusade when he  
means rum. He pleads fairly and

squarely for his liquor, and if suc-  
cessful, can pat his conscience on  
the back, feeling a sort of melan-  
choly satisfaction, no doubt, that  
in his case the evil of intemperance  
doesn't go hand in hand with the  
meanness of vile deceit and unmiti-  
gated lying.

AN INCIDENT.

There seem to be plenty of people  
in the world to whom the risk of a  
neck or a limb amounts to nothing  
when pitted against the loss of a  
minute or so.

A few days since, a man with  
arms and pockets crowded with pro-  
truding bundles, a cane in one  
hand, an umbrella and fish pole in  
the other, came tearing down the  
Jersey city ferry slip, and leaping  
the space of three or four feet be-  
tween the drop and the moving  
boat, landed in the crowd of pas-  
sengers lining the edge. Unable  
to stop at once, he plunged through  
three or four thicknesses of human-  
ity, spearing one man in the eye  
with his umbrella, and taking an-  
other just under the second button  
of his waistcoat with the cane;  
while the toes that were crushed—  
allowing two corns to an oath—  
made the affair of painful interest  
to about nineteen millions of mourn-  
ers. Breathless and pale, at length  
our hero brings up against a six  
foot Jerseyman; but there was a  
soft, beautiful light in his eye, and  
the smile of sweet contentment on  
his face as he gasped out, "Got it,  
any way." "Got it, you fool,"  
shrieked the man, "This boat's com-  
ing in!" SNOW.